

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1912.

# The Way "That Cute Matty" Pitched Made a "Fan" of Kate Carew

She Went to "Cover" Her First Game of Baseball in Fear, Trembling and Utter Ignorance, but the National Fever Infected Her and She Will Never Recover from It.

Kate Carew is now in Europe for The Tribune. She will interview there persons whose names are in the fields of literature, art, society, etc., is world-wide, and, beginning next Sunday, will give to The Tribune's readers her characteristic bright, crisp, humorous portraits of these personages in word as well as in sketch.

"Do you mean to tell me that you've never seen a baseball game?" exclaimed my editor in a tone in which reproach and pain were mingled—reproach that one of my years should have lived in vain, or at least indifferent to this diversion so dear to the heart of the American man, and pain that such things could be, in this enlightened age.

"Cross my heart and hope to die," I chirped flippantly. "Never seen a baseball game, a baseball field, a fan or a rooster. What's more, I've never wanted to."

My dear, for a moment my heart went pit-a-pat. I saw myself dismissed for incompetency rising from lack of journalistic enterprise and enthusiasm. And the worst of it was, up to that moment I'd always rather prided myself on my isolated and distinguished ignorance of the national game.

Well, all he said was:

"What a wasted life!"

Then he clutched his head in both hands, his elbows resting tensely on his desk—you know the sort of "I'm a ruined man" attitude, don't you? The deserted father and the bankrupt husband always assume the same pose on the stage.

## A STRICKEN EDITOR.

After a while he sighed a sigh that was first cousin to a sob.

Really I don't know when I've been so touched. It was dreadfully pathetic. I wanted to console him for his shattered faith in me, but I didn't dare, for I had a horrid fear that if he didn't change the pose soon I'd surely "pipe my eye" and that

with me? I'm afraid every time he spoke of a run I called it a stretch in the next breath, and I know I had vague visions of the Giants racing home, under a blue ribbon, like two-legged horses.

Oh, girls, I did wish it was going to be a horse race, with all the nice little jockeys galloping along on their beautiful beasts and crowds of stunning looking women and excited men shouting and applauding. A sigh for the good old racing days that are gone. Not that your auntie ever knew much about racing, either, but at least its picturesqueness appealed to her aesthetic soul, and she had a feeling that baseball was going to be ugly and commonplace.

## A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

By the time we got to Brooklyn Bridge my Official Escort knew the "orrid truth" about me and the depths of my ignorance. But do you think he wailed?

Not he.

He led me up the steps and into the train that was going to jerk and rumble and whistle its way to Washington Park, and he never once showed all the contempt he must have had for me. Indeed, we discussed pleasantly of the landscapes and watercourses visible from the bridge, while the wheels rattled out a chorus which sounded to me like "Home runs, rosters, rosters, home runs," as they sped along.

But I felt we must be us back to the subject of the game, so I threw myself upon the Sporting One's mercy. I told him of my wasted years, and how I had gloried in my shame. I begged him to help me, to let me gather from his great store of learning some glimmerings of an idea as to what I was going to do and see in the far end of Brooklyn.

Oh, but he was kind, my dears. He became my counsellor and guide from that moment.

It's really always better to be square with people, and besides it is so hard to keep on pretending a knowledge of what



MY EAGLE EYE DETECTED "MATTY" IN THE ACT OF THROWING A SPITBALL—AT LEAST, IT LOOKED JUST LIKE HIS DESCRIPTION OF ONE.

retired vanquished, but long years at the interviewing game have given me a humble spirit and taught me that tenacity is the better part of valor, so I persisted.

"How long are strikes, out caughts and outs and things either running or base style?" I demanded all in one breath.

I must confess I smiled to myself here. I felt I had him. No one could solve a problem like that all in a minute, and I fairly jumped when he answered:

"Instantaneous, usually—snap! just like that—no time at all!"

"Phew! Again I almost gave it up, but I made one more gasping effort."

"How long in actual hours and minutes is a game?"

"N hour and a half, about. It depends on how many innings they play."

That was my last. I mentally threw up my hands. Maybe the light would dawn when I saw them play. Anyway, I felt the time had come to talk of things other than the duration of the game, so I asked a different kind of question.

"Do you think women ever understand baseball?"

"Oh, a few. My sister does."

These lucky women blessed with arithmetical and scientific minds, to whom innings and outs and strikes and pitches are all in the day's enjoyment, I envied them. But what I said was:

## MATTY'S DISCOURAGING WORDS.

"You see, I've never really taken it up seriously myself, because when I interviewed Mathewson he told me it was quite impossible for women to understand the fine points of the game as men do, and I thought he ought to know."

My Counsellor preserved a discreet silence. I guess he was beginning to agree with Mathewson, but he didn't like to be discouraging, and as I was feeling quite cheered up and chatty again I begged him to give me some information about the players, who so modestly banded themselves together as Giants and Superbas. Here he was most responsive, and told me interesting tales of the pitching prowess of "Matty," how he studied the weak points of his opponents and gave cuts, little twirls and cuts to the ball to fool them, and how

he used his head to save his arms. He expatiated on "Laughing Larry," the batter, and on the Beau Brummel of the baseball field, "Rube" Marquard, yclept Sir Richard de Mar, who drives a yellow car, is fussy about his ties and believes every word of gush in the mash notes he receives. He spoke, too, of the "American Beauty" and the "Ten Thousand Dollar Lemon" and "Big Chief" Meyers, and Merkle, the first baseman, and heaps of other things, till it became a kind of Chinese puzzle to me by and by trying to sort out the basemen from the bats and the "beauties" from the "lemons," and I wasn't sorry when we got to the grounds.

My Official Escort merely showed a small but potent pass, whereas I had to have a ticket purchased for me, and go in a roundabout way and wait patiently till the Sporting Editor came and found me and plotted me to our seats.

## HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

The game was on! There were the men distributed over the diamond. The Giants, in gray, with black and white stockings and black caps. The Superbas, in white. And round the field were hundreds and hundreds of men and women, all concentrating on the little group of baseball players. There was the silence of a great event. Tensely the male portion of the onlookers puffed away at long black cigars.

I palpitated. I knew we had come to a crucial moment. Even the Sporting Editor spoke with bated breath.

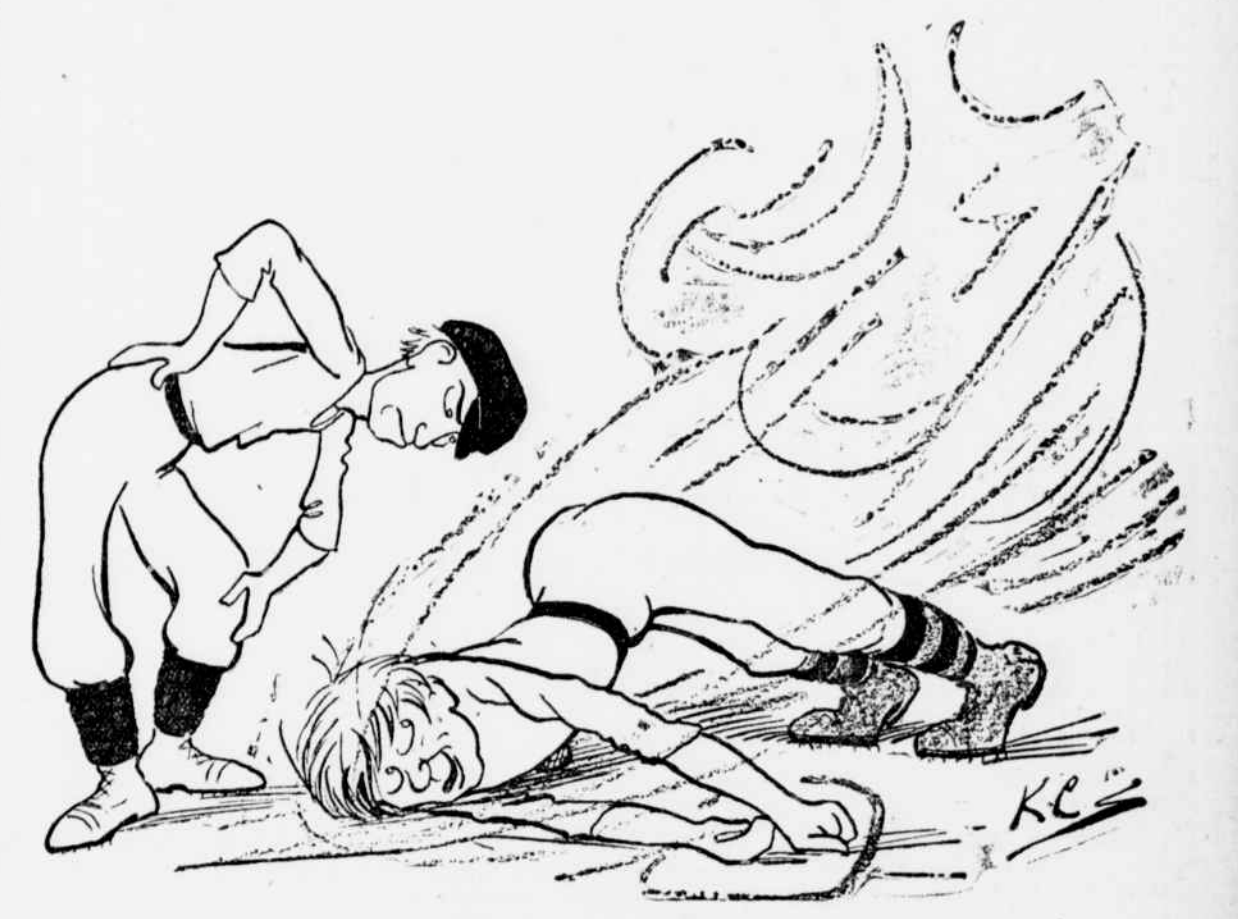
"Second inning, first half, first's over."

Wasn't it clever of him to know where they were all in a minute like that?

And, then, oh, my dears, something did happen.

There was Matty, looking like a sun god, standing square in the full limelight, as it were. He wore a calm go-as-you-please sort of expression, but his eye was hawk-like. He raised his arm casually and easily, and whizz went the ball through the air!

It was a spit ball, I believe. You know, the kind he moistens twice with his fingers and makes drop about where he



SHERLOCKING FOR THE BALL WHEN THE AMERICAN BEAUTY STOLE THIRD BASE.

pleases, so that it follows the batsman's best intentions. He did it this time. Even I knew it was something of a stunt, and the crowd yelled with joy.

"Charming!" I cried enthusiastically. Now, wasn't that a silly adjective to use?

time or another, so they've reason to cultivate solidarity.

"And what about the umpires?" I continued. "Do they ever come in on the solidarity scheme?"

"No," said the Sporting Editor. "They don't. There is a sort of hangman's job. They are powerful, but never popular."

"Of course, I am beginning to see lots of good points in the game," I said politely. "But it distresses me that they are so untidy about everything. The men look so dingy and dirty, and they fling their caps and mittens about just like naughty little boys. The balls are the only things they really look after. How many do they use—about a dozen?"

"No, no," said the Sporting Editor, a shade impatiently. "One ball—that is, one at a time."

"One for each side?"

"No; one for both sides."

"But I've seen a dozen balls at least. Which is the ball? The one they keep their eyes on, isn't it?"

"Any one—it doesn't make any difference."

My dears, I ask you, could you hope to understand that man?

Personally, I consider the housekeeping of baseball wretched and extravagant.

## ADMIRATION IS IMPARTIAL.

Just then there was a great outburst of cheering. I supposed that Matty had done something characteristically brilliant, but not at all. Somebody on the other side had done something at Matty's expense—"soaked him," as my counsellor put it. It did seem mighty mean to cheer a man one moment and cheer the chap who soaked him the next.

"I thought the fans liked Matty," I ventured, provoked at such disloyalty.

"New York fans do. These are Brooklyn

and youth, skill and vigor for stage properties.

## A NEW PROFESSION.

Harry Furness, the celebrated English cartoonist, was asked in New York how England avoids the trust evil.

"England has its trusts," said Mr. Furness. "We have many powerful trusts—the thread trust, for example. But our trusts are not exposed by the press, as yours are. They avoid investigation by the government, as yours do not."

Mr. Furness turned over the pages of his morning paper.

"My paper is full of trust investigation news," he said. "But these investigations—what do they accomplish? Very little, indeed, if there is any truth in a story I heard."

"Two music hall proprietors, in this story, were discussing their programme."

"How about that mathematical phenomenon? Where is he now?" asked the senior partner. "His turn is popular; we might put him on. Wonderful the way he could juggle figures."

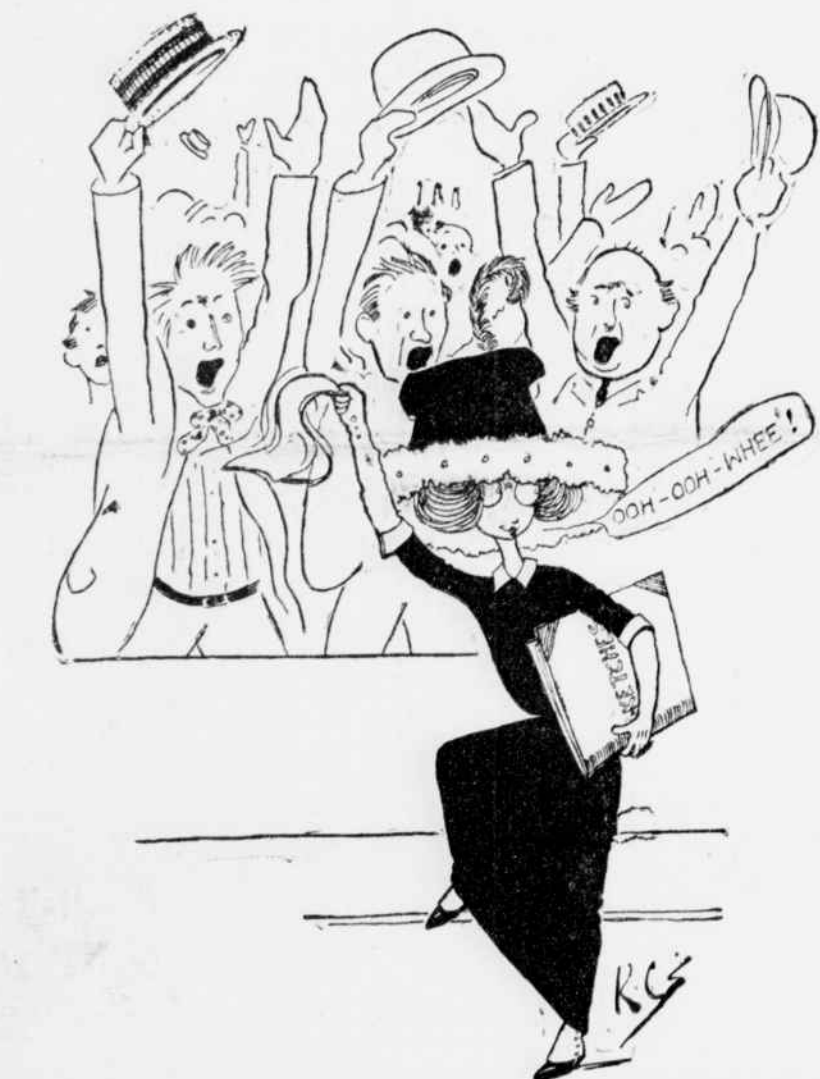
"The junior partner shook his head."

"He will never juggle figures for us again," he said. "He's making a fortune now preparing reports for trusts about to be investigated by the Senate committee."

## THE MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

Lady Duff Gordon, at a tea at the Plaza in New York, praised American vivacity.

"Your high spirits and your humor," she said, "are very refreshing to us English. An Englishman, you know, is so very dull and stolid and limited. Your modern Englishman, indeed, might be described as one who plays golf all day and talks of nothing except bridge, while he plays bridge all night and talks of nothing except golf."



EVERYBODY YELLED, AND I GOT SO EXCITED THAT I PIPED "O-OH! O-OH!" TO THE MAN WHO WAS BEATING IT ROUND THE TRACK.

Isn't at all the sort of thing to do in an editor's office—besides, your auntie doesn't weep as gracefully as she does some other things. So I just gulped back my tears. The scene must be lifted, but how?

I thought of saying airily, "Life would be endurable but for its pastimes," or some other fool thing like that, just to make him mad so that he would come out of his trance of grief. But I did not have to try that.

Suddenly he roused himself—just like that—jerky jerk, all is ended, fudge! A wonderful light came stealing on tiptoe over his countenance. He beamed hopefully upon me and I lightened up also, for that eighth sense of mine had got a wireless from his mental battery and it read:

"It is not too late to learn!"

Now, by a curious coincidence, at this very moment the door opened and in came the sporting editor.

Girls, he was on his way to a baseball game!

Then your Aunt Kate knew it was baseball, too, for her, or ignominy. She cast a startled look around for a way of escape. None visible, she threw a distracted Sister Ann glance out of the window for signs of rain.

No luck!

## OFF TO THE BALL FIELD.

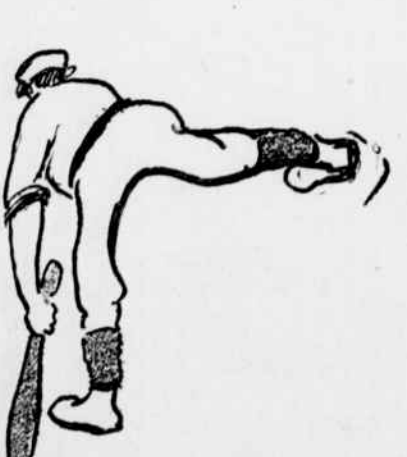
Then, in a flash, she assumed that bird-eyed, eager-to-learn air as a mask for her resigned convictions and settled down to the worst.

Aren't we deceivers, my dear? But what can one lone female who has spent her life sidestepping the lure of the hypnotic baseball do when she finally finds herself brought to bay, trapped by an enthusiastic editor and a more enthusiastic sporting editor?

So, as I've told you, being adaptable, your Aunt Kate threw herself into her new part with the fervor of a Bernhardt or a Clara Morris, and in a jiffy acquired a sporting sort of air. I haven't studied people for nothing, and I know the baseball face, the wide-eyed-before-the-game glare. I caught it. I must have, because it deceived the sporting editor for a time, and when the great man from his desk suggested that the sporting one take me to the game he seemed glad to do so and treated me at once as a kindred soul, talking to me as man to man.

He little knew that most of his conversation was like Chocaw to me.

What had I to do with home runs or home stretches and what had they to do



SOME CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF THE PLAYERS.